

sometimes due in February on the Wabash, full of tropical dream hints, yet edged with a winter chill that smacks of trenchery. Uncle Jason was unusually talkative. He may have had a deep draft of liquor; at all events Beverley had little room for a word.

"Well, he's as fit as 'twixt us as is bosom friends," the old fellow presently said. "I'll jes' show ye somepin' poor."

He pricked the wick of a lamp and took down his bunch of scalps.

"I hev been a-addin' one more to keep company o' mine an' the tothera."

He separated the latest acquisition from the rest of the wisp and added, with a heinous chuckle—



She plotted the Indian's cause.

"This 'n's Long Hair's!"

And so it was. Beverley knocked the ashes from his pipe and rose to go.

"W'en they kicks yer Uncle Jason's ribs," the old man added, "they'd jes' as well lay down an' give up, for he's goin' to salivate 'em."

Then, after Beverley had passed out of the cabin, Uncle Jason chirruped after him:

"Mebbe ye'd better not tell leetle Alice. The pore leetle gal hev had worry 'nough."

CHAPTER XXII. AND SO IT ENDED.

A FEW days after the surrender of Hamilton a large boat, the *Willing*, arrived from Kaskaskia. It was well manned and heavily armed. Clark fitted it out before beginning his march and expected it to be of great assistance to him in the reduction of the fort, but the high waters and the floating driftwood delayed its progress, so that its disappointed crew saw Alice's flag floating bright and high when their eyes first looked upon the dull little town from far down the swollen river. There was much rejoicing, however, when they came ashore and were enthusiastically greeted by the garrison and populace. A courier whom they picked up on the Ohio came with them. He bore dispatches from Governor Henry of Virginia to Clark and a letter for Beverley from his father.

The letter to Beverley from his father was somewhat disturbing. It bore the tidings of his mother's failing health. This made it easier for the young lieutenant to accept from Clark the assignment to duty with a party detailed for the purpose of escorting Hamilton, Farnsworth and several other British officers to Williamsburg, Va. It also gave him a most powerful assistance in persuading Alice to marry him at once, so as to go with him on what proved to be a delightful wedding journey through the great wilderness to the Old Dominion. Spring's verdure burst abroad on the sunny hills as they slowly went their way. The mating birds sang in every blooming brake and grove by which they passed, and in their joyous hearts they heard the bubbling of love's eternal fountain.

Our story must end here, because at this point its current flows away forever from old Vincennes, and it was only of the post on the Wabash that we set out to make a record. What befell Alice and Beverley after they went to Virginia we could go on to tell, but that would be another story. Suffice it to say, they lived happily ever after, or at least somewhat beyond threescore and ten, and left behind them a good name and numerous descendants.

How Alice found out her family in Virginia we are not informed, but after a lapse of some years from the date of her marriage there appears in one of her letters a reference to an estate inherited from her Tarleton ancestors, and her name appears in old records signed in full, Alice Tarleton Beverley. A descendant of hers still treasures the locket, with its broken miniature and battered crest, which won Beverley's life from Long Hair, the savage. Be side it, as carefully guarded, is the Indian charm stone that stopped Hamilton's bullet over Alice's heart. The rapers have somehow disappeared, and there is a tradition in the Tarleton family that they were given by Alice to Gaspard Roussillon, who after Mrs. Roussillon's death in 1790 went to New Orleans, where he stayed a year or two before embarking for France, whither he took with him the beautiful pair of colobemardes and Jean, the hunchback.

Uncle Jason lived in Vincennes many years after the war was over, but he died at Natchez, Miss., when ninety-three years old. He said with almost his last breath that he couldn't shoot very well even in his best days, but that he had upon various occasions "jes' kind o' happened to hit a Injan in the left eye." They used to tell a story

as late as General Harrison's stay in Vincennes about how Uncle Jason buried his collection of scalps with great funeral solemnity as his part of the celebration of peace and independence about the year 1784.

Good old Father Boret died suddenly soon after Alice's marriage and departure for Virginia. He was found lying face downward on the floor of his cabin. Near him on a smooth part of a puncheon were the mangled fragments of a letter which he had been arranging as if to read its contents. Doubtless it was the same letter brought to him by Rene de Konville, as recorded in an early chapter of our story. The fragments were gathered up and buried with him. His dust lies under the present Church of St. Xavier, the dust of as noble a man and as true a priest as ever sacrificed himself for the good of humanity.

In after years Simon Kenton visited Beverley and Alice in their Virginia home. To his dying day he was fond of describing their happy and hospitable welcome and the luxuries to which they introduced him. They lived in a stately white mansion on a hill overlooking a vast tobacco plantation where hundreds of negro slaves worked and sang by day and frolicked by night. Their oldest child was named Fitzhugh Gaspard. Kenton died in 1836.

There remains but one little fact worth recording before we close the book. In the year 1800, on the Fourth of July, a certain leading French family of Vincennes held a patriotic reunion during which a little old flag was produced and its story told. Some one happily proposed that it be sent to Mrs. Alice Tarleton Beverley with a letter of explanation and in profound recognition of the glorious circumstances which made it the true flag of the great northwest.

And so it happened that Alice's little banner went to Virginia and is still preserved in an old mansion not very far from Monticello, but it seems likely that the Wabash valley will soon again possess the precious relic. The marriage engagement of Miss Alice Beverley to a young Indiana officer, distinguished for his patriotism and military ardor, has been announced at the old Beverley homestead on the hill, and the high contracting parties have planned that the wedding ceremony shall take place under the famous little flag on the anniversary of Clark's capture of Post Vincennes. When the bride shall be brought to her new home on the banks of the Wabash the flag will come with her, but Uncle Jason will not be on hand with his falsetto shout, "Vive la banniere d'Allice Roussillon! Vive Zhorah Vashinton!"

THE END.

RISKS OF FEATHERED TRIBE

Birds Liable to as Many Accidents as Other Creatures.

Of all creatures birds are most exempt from liability to accident, yet they not infrequently lose their lives in most unexpected ways. Once above trees and buildings they have the whole upper air free of every obstacle and though their flight sometimes equals the speed of a railroad train they have little to fear when well above ground. Collision with other birds seems scarcely possible, but it sometimes occurs. When a covey of quail are flushed occasionally two birds will collide, at times meeting with such force that both are stunned. Flycatchers darting at the same insect will now and then come together, but not hard enough to injure either bird. In the English papers a few years ago a rare accident was recorded—a heron had splayed itself on one of the pointed iron arms of a cross surmounting a church steeple. Even the smallest and most wonderful of all fliers, the humming bird, may come to grief in accidental ways. As was recently shown by the case of a tiny bird of the ruby throated variety which became entangled in the hooks of a barbed bar and died a prisoner before help could free it.

Young phoebes sometimes become entangled in the horsehairs which are used in the lining of the nest. When they are old enough to fly and attempt to leave they are held prisoners or left dangling from the nest. When milk traps are set in the snow in winter owls frequently fall victims, mice being scarce and the bait tempting.

Lighthouses are perhaps the cause of more accidents to birds than any other obstacle they encounter on their nocturnal migrations north and south. Many hundreds are found dead at the base of such structures. The sudden glare is so confusing and blinding as they shoot from intense darkness into its circle of radiance that they are completely bewildered and dash headlong against the thick panes of glass. Telegraph wires are another menace to low flying birds, especially those which, like quail and woodcock, enjoy a whirlwind and attain great speed within a few yards. Such birds have been found cut almost in two by the force with which they struck the wire.

The elements frequently catch birds unawares and overpower them. A sudden wind or storm will drive coast flying birds hundreds of miles out to sea, and oceanic birds may be blown as far inland. Hurricanes in the West Indies are said to cause the deaths of innumerable birds, as well as other creatures. Small islands are known to have become completely depopulated of their feathered inhabitants from such a cause. Violent hailstorms, coming without warning in warm weather, are quite common agents in the destruction of birds, and thousands of English sparrows have been stricken in a city during such a storm.

Ruffed grouse have a habit of burrowing deep beneath the snow in winter and letting the storm shut them in. They spend the night in this warm, cozy retreat, their breath making its

way out through the loosely packed crystals. But this becomes a fatal trap when a cold rain sets in during the night and an impenetrable crust cuts off their means of escape.—New York Post.

The Crater of Mount Etna.

A writer in Forest and Stream, telling of his view of the crater of Mount Etna, says: I threw myself flat upon the ground with my head over the rim and took a look down into what the Sicilians call the mouth of hell. A vast column of steam was shooting up into the heavens. This was so impregnated with sulphurous fumes that I was obliged to keep several thicknesses of my shawl over my mouth and nose to prevent strangulation. Occasionally a blast of wind would drive back the steam, allowing me to see far down into this horrid inferno. The crater itself is three miles in circumference. The inner side of the rim was variegated with colors of red, orange and yellow from the sulphur fumes. A Milton or a Dante could not do justice to the terrible grandeur of the scene. According to the ancient Greeks and Romans, this is the workshop of Vulcan, where he forges his thunderbolts for Jove. I could not see the old fellow, but the rumbling sound I heard far down in those black depths must have been he grumbling at his work.

HARNESSING A CANAL.

Thirty Thousand Horse Power to be Generated by Chicago Waterway.

Plans for "putting in harness" the immense water power of the Chicago sanitary canal at its termination in Lockport and Joliet are perfected by the engineering department of the drainage board and have received the approval of the board's engineering committee, says a Chicago dispatch. The plans involve an expenditure of \$2,700,000.

In developing the water power of the sanitary canal the board of drainage trustees is carrying out a policy that has been contemplated since the inception of the great engineering scheme designed to give Chicago an adequate supply of pure water. It is a sequel to the successful construction work on the great drainage channel now connecting Lake Michigan with the Mississippi river and the gulf of Mexico.

An extension of the present channel for a mile and one-eighth south of the controlling dam at Lockport is necessary for the utilization of the plan.

For the extension channel a great excavation two miles long and 140 feet wide will have to be made through hard rock. Midway in this two mile cut an artificial waterfall will be constructed. Here the mammoth hydraulic and electric machinery will catch the rushing waters as they fall. It is in this fall that the power to be utilized resides.

Weight and momentum of the falling waters are the factors that make the power, which power is to be caught, as it were, in its flight, converted into electrical energy and transmitted over wires and through storage batteries and dynamos for the turning of giant wheels in factories or for the lighting of streets or the lighting and heating of residences or other buildings. That is what has been done with Niagara's mighty power, and that is what the plans just completed are to do with the water power of Chicago's \$45,000,000 drainage canal.

In the development of the power at Lockport the feats of engineering will duplicate in many respects the harnessing of Niagara falls for transmission of electric power to sundry points in New York and New England and Canada.

Mrs. Catherine Steele, of Lyndeboro, N. H., has just died at the age of 103.

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G. W. Johnson & Co.

\$150 TIFFANY DIAMOND RING FREE \$150

THE PLAN ENDORSED EDITORIALY.

(From Editorial in the Sunday, January 17, Oregonian.)

"The Salem Capital Journal has inaugurated a scheme by which it proposes to give away to its subscribers a \$150 diamond, absolutely free. The plan requires the payment of a dollar on subscription, which entitles the subscriber to a guess as to an unknown number. The person lucky enough to guess closest to the right number is entitled to the diamond."

THE VENERABLE REVEREND WILLIAM DOLLARHIDE TAKES A GUESS

The Opportunity to Get a Free \$150 Diamond Ring Extended to All Old and New Subscribers

Beautiful First Water Stone Set in a Tiffany Gold Ring Given Away as An Expression of Good Will Toward Subscribers

Your Choice of 975 Numbers, Any One of Which May Be the Unknown Number That Gets the Glittering Diamond ---No Possibility of Any Crooked Work.

The Journal Free Diamond Guessing Contest enters upon the third week with prospects of increasing interest. Orders for subscriptions and guesses on the diamond have come from Southern and Eastern Oregon and Washington, and from California and other states.

Open to All on Equal Terms. To prevent any unfairness and give all subscribers an equal chance, The Journal has extended the right to a free guess to all who may be in arrears on the carrier lists or on special delivery as well as by mail. Many old friends are allowed to run over the time paid for by special request and as a favor to them, and we are willing they should be treated as well as cash-in-advance subscribers or new subscribers. After all, what newspaper man who does not love his old subscribers most? That is our feeling, and we extend our good will to all on equal terms.

Father Dollarhide Participates. Nearly everybody knows Rev. Wm. Dollarhide, the veteran North Salem minister. He is one of the best men in his church and a pioneer who has done much good in the world. He made a guess for The Journal diamond ring the other day, and judging from his past experience, is likely to win the sparkling gem. Some years ago a fine road wagon was given away in Portland to the best guesser and Father Dollarhide came within one of the fortunate number. He is an old subscriber of The Journal and takes a keen interest in this contest and will be among the first to congratulate the winner. He considers it one of the fairest contests that has ever come under his observation.

First Two Weeks a Success. The first two weeks of The Journal Diamond Guessing Contest have indeed exceeded the most sanguine expectations of all concerned. More guesses have been made than anyone would have predicted and scores of these have come through the mails, while a subscription clerk at the business office of The Journal has been kept busy writing receipts, explaining the modus operandi and depositing guesses for those participating. At times many have been lined up at the counter waiting their turn to guess at the unknown number. All feel pleased with this opportunity to participate in a contest for so valuable a prize which is absolutely free to the fortunate subscriber.

Many regular subscribers are paying up their paper a year in advance and thus securing six guesses, besides thus being freed from a collector or twelve times a year. They realize that in this way The Journal costs them no more, rids them of a monthly collector's call, and gives them a goodly number of guesses for the \$150 gem. Some are paying up six months to secure three guesses, and many new subscriptions are coming in on this liberal offer. One young man paid his father's subscription a year in advance and took the guess on himself and will collect the money

back from his indulgent parent. Others are going so far as to pay the subscriptions of their less interested friends and will thus get the guesses for the short use of their money, and may win the valuable prize for their trouble. One man who takes several copies of the paper has taken 15 guesses, and yet he realizes that only one number can win the prize, How to Participate.

For each receipt of one dollar for the Daily or Weekly Journal, to any address, the person to whom the receipt is issued, will be given an opportunity, absolutely without cost, to have a guess at the unknown number, and the person or persons guessing nearest that number will receive as a present and without any compensation whatever, and merely as an expression of good will on the part of The Journal toward its subscribers, the \$150 diamond Tiffany ring advertised in this paper and on exhibition at the jewelry store of C. H. Hinges, 88 State street, Salem, Oregon. The party paying one dollar or more shall receive a receipt for each dollar paid, and have the opportunity to guess a different number for each such receipt held. No commission is allowed to any agent or solicitor for securing subscribers, and the person so subscribing does it with the understanding that the Daily or Weekly Journal is accepted as payment in full for the money paid.

Unknown Number—How Prepared. The unknown number that is to be guessed was made up in the following manner. The ten numbers from naught to nine were put on separate slips of paper and folded so as to be unseen, and a committee of subscribers was asked to conduct the assembling of the unknown number. This unknown number was formed at The Journal office on Monday, January 11, 1904, in the following manner: The ten numbers from naught to nine, inclusive, on separate slips of paper, in small sealed envelopes were placed in a box, shaken, and a blindfolded person in the presence of the committee drew out three of those ten numbers, marking the first one, the second two and the third three in figures, and they were then placed in a large envelope, sealed up and placed with the diamond on exhibition in the jewelry store show window each day during the guessing contest, and will not be opened until the contest is closed, when the diamond will be given to the nearest guesser. The unknown number will be formed by putting together the three numbers in the order as marked, one, two, three, on the envelopes in which they are contained. The unknown number will not be assembled until the guessing contest is completed, and publicly announced to subscribers.

The Number to Be Guessed At. There it is, sealed up in an envelope in the window with the diamond, and there it will remain until the diamond is given away to the lucky guesser. Written across the face of a large white envelope are the words: "This envelope contains the unknown number

in The Capital Journal Diamond Guessing Contest." This number was formed in exact pursuance of the plan advertised in The Journal, by a committee of business men and Journal subscribers, who came into the office Monday, January 11. Following is their signed statement on exhibition at Mr. Hinges' show window:

The Unknown Number. We, the undersigned, were present at The Journal office January 11, and assisted in the forming of the unknown number, according to the plan published to be used in The Capital Journal Diamond Guessing Contest. Under the rules of forming the number, it is impossible for anyone, not even the members of this committee, the publishers of The Journal, nor the jeweler who furnished the ring, to know what the number is. (Signed) N. J. JUDAH, J. G. GRAHAM, GEO. C. WILL, HAL. D. PATTON, CHAS. H. HINGES, FRANK C. FERGUSON.

Limited Competition. The number of receipts issued in this contest will be limited to the number of guesses possible in the range of the numbers between 011 and 987, as the unknown number must be composed of a figure within those limits. The unknown number cannot be less than 012 nor more than 987. To be a perfectly harmless and innocent and amusing guessing contest the number to be guessed at must be and remain absolutely unknown. There must be no chance for any crooked work on the part of The Journal publishers, of the jeweler furnishing the diamond, nor on the part of any subscriber. The receipts for this guessing contest will be numbered in duplicate, but the stub will be only for the purpose of identifying the subscriber who is the successful guesser—each subscriber writing the guess number on the back of his receipt—each one making his or her own guess at the unknown number. As soon as the receipts are all sold the guessing contest will be over and the nearest number awarded the diamond.

How the Guesses Are Made. On securing a receipt for one dollar or more, the person wishing to guess will write his guess between the above numbers on the back of the receipt in ink or indelible pencil, writing only one guess on each receipt, and depositing the same in the soldered tin box provided at The Journal office for that purpose. Subscribers out of town will be allowed to make their guess in the same manner. Receipts will be mailed them, and they can return the same with their guess written on the back, in a sealed envelope plainly marked "Journal Diamond Guessing Contest," and they will be deposited in the box. The soldered tin box will not be cut open until all the receipts in the guessing contest are sold—975 receipts in all.